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SOURCE Komsomol'skaya Pravda.

SOVIET CARTOON RIDICULES CAPITALISM

This cartoon depicts as futile the attempts of Western statesmen (doctors) to save the life of their doomed patient (capitalism). Especially effective is the use of terms having one meaning in the field of medicine and another in the field of politics or warfare; for example the "leeches" that Schumacher and Adenauer are returning to the patient obviously refer to the latter's previous "bleeding" of Germany. The political leaders of the principal Western powers are depicted as the chief physicians. Political figures of secondary importance (Tito, deGaulle, etc.) are depicted merely as assistants.

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AT THE PATIENT'S BEDSIDE
(A Sketch From Real Life)

Text by Emil' Krotkiy
Drawing by I. Semenov

Capitalism is ailing. The disease is incurable, but "medical specialists" are doing everything within their power to save the patient. The doctors have not yet reached complete agreement but no stones are being left unturned. Chief Physician Truman is using military expenditures as artificial alimentation. Medic Marshall is rushing to his assistance with a "hydrogen respirator," he supposes that the patient will improve if he takes hydrogen...for his health! Acheson, a specialist in "external remedies," is assisting him. The "European Celebrity" Churchill is in complete agreement with his American colleagues. Standing on his rights as a "celebrity," he is already at the patient's bedside, with his inevitable cigar. It can't be helped!

The Fulton diplomat is well

Accustomed to his own cigar;

It's noted for its burning smell

And not for nicotine's attar!

Over Doctor Churchill's shoulder peers Medical-assistant-Phlebotomist Moch. His duties are not important: he simply bleeds anyone he is ordered to bleed. And here is deGaulle with his (to be exact not his, but Hitler's) prescription for saving capitalism with the help of a fascist dictatorship.

The consultation could not get by without its homeopaths. Bevin and Attlee are trying to aid the patient by pouring small doses of their "Patent Socialism" into his rickety capitalist body. The patient himself doesn't have much faith in this type of cure. He knows that

When Dr Bevin works to cure

Results are always pretty poor.

And all the while the patient is getting worse. The "cold pack on the head" (in the shape of a "cold war") which the doctors ordered, has not reduced his stock exchange fever. The "hot war" poultice a la MacArthur and his lingering "operations" have weakened the patient. His temperature falls and rises with the price of stocks. In his delirium of world domination he asks for (believe it or not, it's a fact) North Atlantic water...but he himself doesn't believe in its healing powers. In a moment of lucidity he manages somehow or other to say:

I fear that the Atlantic's waters

Might do me some harm!

And his grief-stricken friends bustle and fuss about the patient's bed. Trygve Lie fans his burning brow with a recent UN resolution. Franco weeps in a handkerchief which is a gift from the dying man. Servants (Adenauer, Schumacher, and others) are rushing to repay their next-to-the-last debt to their master.

And Druggist Tito also has something to do: he's up to some sort of mischief according to the prescription of the Anglo-American doctors.

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